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SOMETHING MORE



WILLIAM W. WOODBRIDGE

SOMETHING
M. O. R. E.

THE



"HER GOLDEN HAIR WAS CROWN INDEED"

SOMETHING M O R E

By WILLIAM W. WOODBRIDGE

Author of "That Something," "Skooting Skyward,"
"The Kidnapping of Woodrowena."



Illustrations by J. STEDMAN WOOD.

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FOREWORD

It is claimed by many of the readers of "That Something" that its philosophy has awakened in them a desire to succeed in a material sense, but that there must be something more than this in life, something deeper, more kindly, something of tenderness and love.

And they are right. There is "Something More," and the author has striven to set forth in this sequel to his former story a happier ending to life's strivings than merely material success.

PUBLISHERS.





“SOMETHING MORE.”

BY W. W. WOODBRIDGE

A crimson smile lay dying in the West, while the East sent shadows creeping from her night.

The steady roar below gave place to fitful noise.

I sat alone.

The darkened room oppressed me strangely as idly I watched the golden clouds out yonder lose their wealth.

The darkness from the East crept on.

The crimson smile became a line of fire. The sky grew deeper. The stars came out, first singly, then in clusters.

Now a million shone like yellow diamonds floating on a purple sea.

And then the night was conqueror.

A sense of infinite uselessness oppressed me.

Another day was done.

What had it meant—to me?

How had it differed from the day before?

How from the day a year ago?

A little more of worldly wealth was mine.

But what of that?

A little closer lay the end of things.

But what of that?

This day was done.

For me, for you, for yonder pauper—

Each had seen the glory of the sinking sun, and each saw and felt the dreariness of night draw in.

These things I pondered.

Across the city's twinkling streets, I saw a Club ablaze with lights.

There was my home.

And there a welcome waited me—

A welcome waited there for any man,
if he had wealth and certain culture—

A cold and calculating welcome!

And as I sat there dreaming, I saw
again myself, as I had stood there on
the corner years ago—shivering, wet,
miserable, in rags — searching, ever
searching for the kindly light of sym-
pathy in some man's eye.

Where waits there welcome for such
a man as I had been?

*Ah, Clink of Gold, to what art thou
not the magic password?*

And from the streets below I lifted
once again my eyes.

So, sinking deeper in my leather
chair, I let my fancies wander with the
stars.



Randolph came into the office.

"What's this, old soldier," he cried brusquely, "sitting here in the dark moping, after that deal we've just closed. Can't you realize that today's cleanup means more than a cold hundred thousand to us?"

A cold hundred thousand—cold, bitter cold!

I answered nothing.

The lights snapped on.

I felt, rather than saw, Randolph start and look at me queerly.

"What's wrong, son? You look as though you had lost instead of won."

"What have I won, Randolph—what have I ever won?"

"What profit it that a man win the whole world and lose Life's Happiness?"

A puzzled expression flicked his face.

"What have you won? Why, everything, boy, everything there is to win. You have wealth, social position, health and the respect of your fellow man. You have won *Success*. There's nothing more to win—unless it be *more* of Success."

I shook my head.

"Randolph, this thing you call 'Success' is hard and cold. *That can't be all*. There must be—"

"Well, what then?"

"Something more," I answered slowly. "Something more."

"Forget your dreamings, boy," he hastened to say. "They don't mix well in business. I know what's wrong

with your scheme of things. You've been working too hard and long. You must break your foolish rule about 'making every minute count.' Come with me tonight, and we'll see the happier side of things."

"Smile if it makes your heart bleed. That smile may make sunshine for some one." I chanted.

He stopped short.

"Say, man, that's what you've been missing. The 'Something More' you want is Happiness. Here, you've been plugging like a dray horse for six years, and you've missed the truly big things. It's the sugar of life you need now. Of course, the sweet is not everything. But when you've picked the lemons and squeezed them dry, and added the water of daily grind, the

drink's a sour one without the proper sugar of happiness added. Come out with me tonight. Forget the worries of the day. The world of pleasure is waiting for you. Come."

And so, for the first time in many years, I was drawn into the world of Pleasure, to search for that one thing which cannot be had by the searching therefor—HAPPINESS.

* * * * *

God, help me forget that night!

Its vivid discords—

Its jangling harmony—

Its blare of lights—

Its loud and weary laughter—

Its paint, its powder and its shams—

God, help me forget that night!

* * * * *

A multitude of mothers there were.

Around the outskirts of the giddy throng they perched.

Each wore a smirking smile below a calculating eye.

A rustle, as of harpies' wings, went round the outer circle of the room as Randolph brought me in.

And then, with many a flap and squawk, the mothers gathered near.

And bade me welcome to this realm that they had named SOCIETY.

I was a man, unmarried, with a fortune.

Randolph's partner!

The inner man they did not know.

Perhaps some mother instinct lived within them yet. Perhaps each hoped

that after all I was a better sort than might be feared.

But to my unaccustomed eye, I only saw the things I tell.

"You must meet my daughter, Esther," cried the first of these. "She's such a dear."

And so I met her Esther.

Then another's Maude.

Then followed Katherines, Margarets, Nells and Maes.

A multitude of mothers!

No, I did not dance.

"How lovely."

Each mother was so glad.

Each daughter, so it seemed, detested to frivol thus.

Each would sit with me while others sacrificed themselves to this distorting art of now.



And there were men.

All dressed of a set pattern as myself.

Around a few the mothers hovered.

These few were men of wealth.

Mothers, multitudes of mothers, flapping near, and ever and anon, as some fresh worm was found, the mother bird would swoop and bear it to her nest, to fill an ever-gaping birdlet's mouth.

God help me forget that night!

Its vivid discords—

Its jangling harmony—

Its blare of lights—

Its loud and weary laughter—

Its paint, its powder and its shams—

God, help me forget that night!

Hours of confusion passed.

Outside the night was cool.

As a thief, I stole away.

I drank deeply of the clean, crisp air.

My limbs were cramped.

My mind was dull.

As I neared my club-house, the lights,
the very artificial welcome of the place,
repelled me.

And so I walked on up the hill.

The moon came out, and with its
touch of magic, the world became a
kindlier place.

I passed a cottage.

A woman stood peering down the
hill.

A babe lay asleep in her arms.

A smile flashed upwards from her
lips.

I heard his cry of welcome from behind. He passed me running gladly.

At the corner I turned.

He held her closely in his arms.

Then stooped, and kissed the child.

The door closed.

With the clicking of the latch that home became to me a cold black blotch, seen dimly through the night.



Listlessly I wandered here and there.

Ahead the deep shadows of a park invited.

An automobile, turning sharply, threw its swinging light upon a couple seated on a bench.

I saw for a moment a picture.

And then the light swung by.

And darkness followed.

Yet in that flash I saw a woman's
face.

Her cheek was wet with tears.

And as the sun shines through the
rain, so shone her smile.

And in her eyes I caught a flash of
the eternal sacrifice.

Here the light of eternity dwelt, and
the whirring of the auto in the distance
seemed to say: "Beyond the hills! Be-
yond the hills!"

And I pondered *this* as I passed on.



For a long, long time that night I sat
awake.

I reviewed my past, step on step.

Since that day, six years ago, when I had awakened to the knowledge that there is "*That Something*" in every man, which when aroused will carry him to any height, I had held the thing called "SUCCESS" ever in my grasp.

And yet—and yet—there *must be* "Something More!"

Where had I failed?

Of service to my fellow man I had given much.

Of the wealth of the world that had come my way, not only a tenth but double that had I given back.

There was no self-glory in this giving—

For this is duty.

Yours, mine and every man's.

To give to others at least a part.

*To get to give again is good; to get
to hoard away brings misery.*

Of worldly sins I had kept myself
apart.

In those black days of long ago, I
had seen their marks upon the wrecks
around me.

My life was clean.

This was not virtue—

But knowledge!

*The hand that plays with fire is
burned.*

Its scars I had seen on others.

I was no fool.

In this I had no boast.

I had worked, long and untiringly.

Not for myself alone.

To Him, the giver of all gifts, I had
bowed my head in daily reverence.

"That Something" He had given me.

Of it I returned to Him a part, each day.

And yet—and yet—there *must be* "*Something More.*"



Then I fell asleep.

Even as that dream of long ago was born of the ponderings of the waking hours before, so came another vision to me now.

As you read here, perhaps your lips begin to curl in pitying smile.

"Why, he's a Mystic!"

And in that final word, it may be that you tuck away a deal of scorn and worldly wisdom.

(Dear reader, mark this, if you are one of those who only feel the things that are to you but things that *hands* can feel, and *eyes* can see, and *ears* can hear, I pray you lay aside this little book. There's nothing for you here.)



This was the dream.

A mystic being, clothed in robes of sparkling white, stood there beside my chair.

I stared in wonder.

"Who *are* you?" I cried.

Came the answer low and clear:

"I am the Spirit of Love."

"Why have you come?"

"Because your soul is starving."

"Starving?" I asked. "For what?"

"For 'SOMETHING MORE.' "

A silence. Then—

"And what is that?" I cried eagerly.

"That which the Spirit of Love is commissioned of God to guard."

"And that?"

"The heart of a true woman."

"And have you brought me—"

"I have brought you nothing. *Each Woman gives her heart away.* I am its guard. So I have come to read your soul, and then to dwell therein."

"But, who is the woman whose heart is waiting for me?"

For a time the Spirit did not answer. Then—

"Look to the Crimson Sunset. She is there."

"And you'll go with me when I go to search?"

"I will dwell in your soul forever—unless I am *driven out*."

And in my dream, I weighed this answer.

"Why would I drive you out?"

The figure shook its head.

"I do not know, but it is often done."

"But how—and why?" I asked.

"Man drives out the Spirit of Love in many ways. Why? Love cannot tell. She does not know. But these things are."

"What?" I asked bewildered.

"Faith must dwell with me always," came the answer. "Where Service does not live, there shall I weaken fast and die. While Love is strong, and Love is Power, yet there is weakness in the

Strength of Love. Man must be brave, or Love will forget to live, save as a pitying reflection of its real self, radiating only a reminiscent glow called Sympathy. Love is beyond all defining. Love is Eternal Sacrifice. Love is the forgetting of all things unhallowed. Love is of God's gifts the rarest. Love is scorned by the Worldly, for Love is old-fashioned and quaint. Yet Love is the Light of the Future—the Hope of the Coming Day."

"But how did you know that I would bid you welcome?"

"I heard the cry of your soul for—'SOMETHING MORE.' Until I hear that cry, I come to no one."

And then the figure faded from my dream.

And I awoke.



In the graying dawn I hurried forth.
 I scrawled a line to Randolph—
 I gave no reason for my leaving.
 Anyway, he could not understand.
 The rising sun fell full upon my
 back.

Already the awakening noises of the
 city lay behind.

Into the West I walked, hour on
 hour, until the shadows I had trodden
 on, lay far behind me.

This world was new.

The very air was different.

The music of the birds rang a strange
 happiness in my ears.

As in my dream, I seemed to hear these words: "In the Crimson Sunset! In the Crimson Sunset!"

The scent of the violets ever and again gave place to the fragrance of the orchards as I passed.

Each hill I topped brought vistas of another fairyland, with white straight road, ever leading on—into that calling West.

And as the blanket of the night drew in, the dread and dreariness of the darkness seemed less than in the place of brick and stone left there behind.

Ahead, far down the road, there shone a light.

I hurried on.

My knocking brought a bent old man to the door.

Behind, the good wife stood, a lamp held high above her questioning eyes.

The bed they let me have was hard. The food was coarse. The place was furnished roughly.

But as, at dawn, I left them there, leaning on their sagging gate watching me on my westward way, I seemed to catch the glint of Heaven's light, hid in their eyes.

Their parting words kept ringing in my ears: “We wish you well! We wish you well!”

Old Age was their companion.

The Future offered only hope where human vision turns back dismayed.

Yet in their eyes this light shone clear.

It shone like hers, back yonder in the park, that other night.

Yet different.

For here the light was clear and bright, and knew no tears.

And as I onward journeyed, day on day, I thought of this—and wondered.



And as the sun went to its rest each night, I saw ahead that Crimson Smile, which ever called me on.

This—until one day I climbed a hill, much steeper than the rest had been.

Far below a river ran.

It curved and wound among the hills, and yonder to its banks a village clung.

Beyond, the green hills rose again, checkered with vineyard, orchard and field of grain.

Here and there a road would wander off.

To my ears there came the droning of the summer bees, and now and then the clopping of a woodsman in the distance seemed set to the music of the old couple's words back yonder: "We wish you well! We wish you well!"

A cloud was coming up to meet the sun.

I saw its shadow running up the hill to meet me at the top.

It seemed a welcome to the place.

In a nearby sycamore, a bird began to sing.

Faster climbed the clouds.

The blue above was hid.

Lightning wove its web of fire across the sky.

A crash of thunder.



And then the rain.

Great drops beat upon my upturned face.

Across the valley hungry fields rejoiced.

The drone of insects, song of birds, —all sound was smothered in the swish of falling rain.

In a twinkling, the scene had changed.

This became a land fed by its God.

And it was good.

Streamlets formed in the road beneath my feet, and ran on ahead towards the village.

With the rain, came deepening twilight.

I hurried on.

And then, ahead of me, lying by the road, a woman!

Her head was buried in her arm.

Her hair, a sodden mass of golden threads, had tumbled whichaway about her head.

For a moment I stood as one bound by terror.

A sharp crack of thunder split its way into the swishing silence of the rain.

I ran, splashing through the mud.

Her face was very white.

Her eyes were closed.

Across her cheek, a trickle of blood lost itself in the sheeting rain.

As I lifted her, the darkness came, quickly without warning, as though by some strange foreordination.

C

Another peal of thunder taunted
from the east.

A vivid flash of lightning.

The blackness rushed in again.

I drew her face against my cheek,
and felt the faintest breath of life.

For a moment her cold lips lay
against my face.

I stumbled on.

The wind was roaring through the
valley now.

Blindly I struggled through the
night.

That limp and lifeless living thing,
held closely in my arms, seemed but a
part of the blackness that pressed in
around me.

Long spaces intervened between
those cutting stabs of lightning.

Minutes passed as hours.

The road became a torrent. The water ran near to my knees.

Once I fell across a windstricken tree, that lay upon the road.

The faintest moan came from those lips.

I blundered on, half run, half stumbling walk.

On through the blackness of that blackest night.

Then, suddenly I felt the blackness to my right give way.

My eyes could see no difference, feel no sensation of light in that hopeless blackness.

Yet my inner senses told me that the trees had given way to open land.

So, turning to the right, I stumbled in a step or two against a fence.

Along this I felt my way.

I found a gate.

Another age of fighting with the wind, the rain, the baffling darkness.

I found the house. Stumbled up the few steps to the porch.

Fumbling, I found the knob.

The door opened to my touch.

I staggered into the room, and lay her on the bare boards of the floor.

Hurrying back, I shut out rain and wind, to face the deeper darkness of the room.

I felt my way to a window, and for some moments I waited for the lightning's flash to light the place.

And then it came, revealing vividly each detail of the bare little church in which I stood—alone.

The woman was gone.



Were this a book of mystery, something meant to please or kill an idle hour, perhaps a plot would here develop that would carry you to stirring happenings such as writers love to tell about.

There is no mystery.

When you, with gaping mouth and twitching nerve, see done upon a stage some strange and fascinating trick, with curtains black and other tawdry stuff to smack of mystery, you realize that down beneath it all lies cold and careful reason.

And so in life.

That which you see, you see, and if it moves from place to place, there's reason for the moving.

Life's mystery is in life itself—

Not in the things the senses know.

And thus I reasoned to myself, that night, as I stood there alone, waiting for another flash of lurid light.

And when it came, it showed my waiting eyes a trail across the floor made by the water from her rain-soaked dress.

She had crept away—through the back—into the night.

I followed blindly.



The rain had ceased.

The wind died down.

The storm was passing.

A yellow moon slid in and out behind
the scudding clouds.

Black shapes loomed up.

Night sounds came floating from
afar.

A bell was wildly ringing in the
village.

A dog began to bay.

Back on the hill behind some woman's
voice was raised in song.

Across the bridge below, the rapid
clack-clack of horses' hoofs.

And then I saw her figure, as a ghost
must look, far down the road.

I ran towards her, calling.

She stood with her hands pressed to
her breast, as I came up.

"Why do you follow me?"

I stood a gaping fool in search of words.

She turned from me and ran wildly down the road.

Fearing to cause her fear, I stood where she had left me.

Then from below the splashing of a horse's hoofs.

A buggy drew to her side.

The rasp of iron tire on iron told me that it had turned about.

The crack of a whip.

The hoofbeats died in the distance.

For a moment, when the bridge was reached, they lived again.

The ringing of the bell had almost ceased, and its echoes seemed to say to my wondering ears: "S-t-a-y h-e-r-e! S-t-a-y h-e-r-e!"

No other sound but dripping water
from the trees.

An hour later I found the village and
a bed.



Rest is more than lying down—
Than daily closing tired eyes—
Than drifting into realms of dreams.

Here in this village on the river's
brink I rested as a tired soul may rest,
when smiling conscience smooths a
troubled brow.

* * * * *

I learned to know a people here and
learned to love them.

They were real.

I wondered that no poverty was
theirs.

They lived each day.

Here hands were rough and muscles hard.

Pleasure dwelt with happiness within their homes.

Such bedfellows are rarely found where laughter's the barometer of joy.

These folk were simple folk.

No glare nor glamor called them here.

When day was done, the gentle light of home sent forth its call.

And there they found contentedness.

The *very word* is strange in cities.

But I found it here.

So here I rested as the Summer grew on to Fall.



Mary!

Tall, slim, graceful as a flower.

Her golden hair was crown indeed.

Her eyes—deep and dark—seemed to hold the mystery of night.

Her hands were not too small, nor yet too soft, nor yet too fair.

The sun had cast its tan in kindly tint upon her oval face.

She lived as God would have us live, and looked on *Idleness and Illness as twin sisters, born of Sin.*

She loved to live, and lived to love, and shed a radiance where she went.

Her youth framed the greater thing—Womanhood.

She looked on Duty as a Joy.

And so I saw her then—and now.

The Woman.

She came to me the day following the storm.

The red burned in her cheeks.

"When I gathered my scattered senses, last night," she said, "I found that I was being carried—by someone, I knew not whom, somewhere, I knew not where—and it was all mystery there in the dark. Then I felt myself laid upon those hard boards. I lay very still. A flash of light. I saw the form of a man, and I was afraid. So I crawled away, through the back, out into the night. Then you followed, and the fear was strong in me. I ran and my father was driving up the road and took me away. When I was home, and dry again, and sitting by the fire with those I loved around me, I realized what I had done, and was ashamed.

You saved me—saved my life, for where my horse had thrown me, a small river ran after that rain had fallen. I have come to ask you to forgive me—and to thank you.”

All this she said, standing with me near the beech tree by the bridge, and the birds sang their melody that seems to say: “This is the one! This is the one!”

And so began our friendship.

A wanderer from the Eastern hills, I found the gates of this village open wide.

At first the people here looked queerly into my eyes, and then the gaze grew friendly.

I found my place among them.

Of their life, I became a part.

And so the months led Summer towards the Fall.



Across a distant hill, lived Mary's sister.

We drove one day out through the golden fields, on ever rising road, and found this sister's home.

Roses bloomed.

Green grass and border lines of pansies.

An orchard lay behind the house, whose branches bowed with ripening fruit.

Beyond, a barn, and then the golden fields again.

The husband, coat a thing for Sabbath wear, ran from the fields as we drew near, his flapping hat of ancient birth waved welcome as he came.

Then the children, playing near the barn, came shouting.

So we drew rein before their home.

"How's Ruth, John?" asked Mary.

"Finer than ever, and half crazy to see you," he replied. "Hurry on in, or she'll come out after you."

Then to the house.

(Mock modesty of modern maids, how cheap and tawdry are thy claptrap city robes, cut as thy smug modiste would have us think the angels' robes are made.)

The room was darkened to a dusk.

The children tiptoed at the door.

The outside noises of the farm came faintly to us there.

The face of her who lay upon the snowy bed lit with a smile that filled the room—a radiance of joy.

A white and trembling hand was placed in mine.

Her eyes searched mine, then turned to Mary's by my side.

She spoke some words of usual welcome.

And I replied.

Just words, as any one might speak.

I drew away.

Then Mary stooped, and drew that bundled bit of budding life from by the mother's breast.

And as, on bended knees, there by the bed, she kissed that wee pink face, her eyes were lit with that strange light that I had seen before, back yonder in the park; yet this, while like, was different.

And then her eyes were lifted from the sleeping babe.

Her gaze met mine and held.

I saw the crimson melt the tan.

Forgetting place, and time, and self,
our souls met here—and lived together
for a space.

Her lips were smiling now.

And then I knew.

And that song, which no ear can
hear, made music in my heart, and I
saw my journey's end draw near.

*For here was the Crimson Sunset—
that lay in the Calling West.*



On the crest of the hill we paused.

Behind, the sun had stooped to kiss
a distant mountain peak.

Before us lay the valley, steeped in
dusk.

D

There in the golden silence, we were
above the world alone.

Wierd shadows wandered through
the valleys, but we felt no fear.

The coming shade of night called
workers from their toil.

Those dots below were herders driv-
ing home their flocks.

And then the Crimson Sunset came,
and with that gathering dusk, I heard
that call—

The call to home, when day is done.

And so I turned, and searched, and
found within the eyes that questioned
mine, the light that only shines for
one.

"Always?"

For a moment, her lips gave no an-
swer. Then came her words, soft and
tender and sweet.

"Always—and always—and forever
—and forever."

Then, hand in hand, we journeyed on, and went in silence down the hillside to her home.

(In most of mawkish modern tales, here is the end, and were I writing now a story of that modern love, which plays the leading role in stories that bookmen sell the most of, here I would write my "Finis" and let it go at that. But here begins the story that I have to tell.

For here began that "SOMETHING MORE," which made my life a thing that lives, and not a mere machine for self.)



A year had passed.

The sun shone clear above.

The rattle and the roar of city streets
was music to my ears.

For here my work lay.

And of this I was a part.

Here was my place.

And it was good.

Slowly through the crowded streets,
my car worked in and out.

The delays caused me no impatience.

They had told me that an hour must
pass, and maybe more.

Better here than walking before the
home that stood upon the hill.

A great gladness lived in my heart.

My soul sang its praises to The God.
And so the minutes dragged along.
And then my driver stopped the
car; the hour was spent—

How I reached the room, I do not remember.

It was all very quiet and still.

I knelt on the floor.

My arm found its place beneath her
head, as it lay there near as white as
the pillow beneath.

Her lips were cold, as they had been
that night of the storm.

But a smile lived in her tired eyes.

She drew aside the covers.

Her voice was very weak—and very
brave—and very dear to me as I knelt
there by her side.

"See, dear," she whispered, "and
now we must forget all about our selfish

selves, for now we have to live for—for
'SOMETHING MORE.' "



Matthew Morrison Randolph smiled.

"So it's only love, after all?" he said.
"Well, boy, I don't see anything so wonderful about that. *You may visit the palaces of kings or slink into the hovels of beggars, and in each you will find the mating instinct. It runs through nature, from the lowest order of things up to the divine. Every family tree is full of it. Why, every fool—*"

"Stop, Randolph!" I said sharply.
"There is 'Something More.' This 'Something More' is more than what the World calls Love, and what you

sneeringly speak of as the Mating Instinct that runs through nature.”

“Well, what is it, then?” asked Randolph. “I’ve watched the social wheels turn round, and seen the couples mated, and heard the songs of love they sing. It’s rather commonplace. Naturally, in Society—”

“Society? Ah, Randolph, how flip-pantly we use the word. Up yonder on the hill each night a swarm of women flock about, and stoop to spread their virgin charms before a herd of useless men. Young women, looking out on life, that see the future as a place of ever-changing pleasures and of ease. And men, useless men, who spend their dollars easy from the sweat of other days in scheming plans for dragging men who toil. These men—— These women—— And this you call the

Younger Set—— This turmoil, where dollar marks are chaperons, where men are moral only where the sister's eye can see, this you call Society, and here you look for Love."

For a moment we sat in silence.

"Love, Randolph," I continued.. "Is love a tie that binds such men and women? How are they bound? I've seen them married, seen them live awhile in ease and then—— You know how it goes, man. How soon they tire of that weak thing that you call 'Love!' And then they look about to find some flame to light their drab and empty lives, some cold and ghastly flame whose brightness dazzles, until it sends its wicked tongue of quenchless fire into what little souls they have, and leaves a crackling bitterness that rattles as a cinder in a crystal bowl.

"Gad, what a cynic you are!"

"Cynic, Randolph? No. no! But I have eyes that see. Why, man, read your papers. Love? You tell me that there is Love up *there*? Bathe your eyes in Truth, and look on the thing that you have told me is Society. See the wives and husbands there, haunted by the smiles of unborn, unbidden children that hover in the cold above their homes, cheated from their right of being born by some strange cur or Persian cat, that sleeps upon a velvet rug before a glowing hearth. Would you dub every lustful leer, every carnal desire, every hope for gaining wealth and ease by saying, as a parrot, half a hundred words before a minister of God—would you dub this as such a thing as Love. Man, you are wrong. For Love is '*Something More.*' "

Then Randolph turned to me.

"Man," he cried, "I believe you. There *must be* 'SOMETHING MORE.' The world has fallen into slothfulness, dodges duty as a curse and seeks but ease. Yes, I've seen those giddy folk walk up the aisle and say their little say before the parson, and I've seen them leave the church, and live awhile and seem to love. They call it 'Love'—I've watched their faces weary. I've heard the crunching tread of Discontent fall in behind them. And then they start across that dry and dreary desert, where the sun of their own selfishness has parched and shrivelled every hope of happiness. And so, for a time, through the burning sands they plod on. And I've seen the gaunt and leering form of Grim Divorce

invite them to his gloom, which to their hungry eyes seems but a shadowy retreat."

For a moment he paused. Then—

"Why, there's not a man I know but who will tell me, in a confidential sort of way, that Marriage as a whole is but a failure. Yet Marriage must be the sequel to this thing that they call Love. You're right, son, you're right. There *must* be 'SOMETHING MORE'."

"There is, Randolph."

"But what?"

"You must look to the Crimson Sunset, that foretells the coming of another and a better day. Take unto yourself first the Spirit of Love, and leave behind the taints of a workaday world. *And somewhere, for every man, there waits a heart, a heart that will be his*

through all eternity, a heart that will make for him the greatest thing that God can give to mortal man."

"And what is that?" asked Randolph.

"A Home," I answered, "a home where Love is ever present. A home where children laugh, and where a mother watches o'er her brood. A home where tears are kissed away, a home where laughter never causes pain."

For a moment, I looked into his lonesome eyes.

"And that is what I mean, old friend of mine," I concluded, as I rose to go to my home where she was waiting me. That's what I mean by—SOMETHING MORE."



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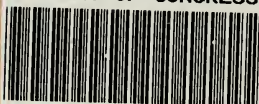
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